



B E A W T I E

dishonoured - vvritten

VNDER THE TITLE OF

SHORES WIFE.

Chascun se plaist ou il se trouue mieux.



L O N D O N

Imprinted by John Wolfe.

1593.

B E A W T H
TO THE RICHT MORTALS
dispositioned VIRTUES
AND THE LITTLE OF
S H O P P E W I T H

Cyphur of the wittie man



LONDON
Imprim'd by John Addis

1593.



**TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPPED
F V L L S I R E D V V A R D**
Winckfield Knight.



YR since such is the industrious nature of our owne Poetes, as though Italie sleepes in the charme of a sweet Hierusalem, and France waxes proud in the weeke labours of her toyling-mused *Bartas* (the first as conceiptiuely Allegoricall, as the other is laboursome significant) yet our owne clyme, challenging vnto her selfe hardly a second esteeme, to the first: and having produced such witty, & so happy conceiptes, as wandering in the secrerie of some passionate Elegies, blush at their owne appearance: How might I be esteemed guiltie of myne owne disgrace, that daring to make my selfe priuie to the knowledge thereof, should not sticke to argue my selfe imprudent, in not bccueaching to silence the first inuention of my beginning Muse: not first to the last, nor better to the worst, of many, that conceiuyng lower opinion of their owne merite, then the merite might thincke worthely due vnto her selfe, remaine content with that prayse, which in her guift inuieth the pure excellencie of the deseruer: But young conceiptes, as they are young: are withall seeking increase of them selues, and therefore choose what they hold most aunswerable to such desires: And will lesse stand on desiring pardon after offence, then

EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

be carefull at all not to have offended : What in if I note myne owne fault, I craue that pardon, which those will not denie, that respect the nature of confession. And therefore humbly desiring your selfe would be pleased, to hold excuse, to be as great an Argumēt of your own hono-
rable disposition as it might be esteemed, a passing stayne
to myne infant labours : I wish as many worthy applauses
may attend your owne sweet inuentions, as the worthi-
nesse of them selues deserue, and I

haue ever desired.

Your worshipps most bounden.

A. C.



ii A



SHORES WIFE.

Sigh, sad musde accents, of my funerall verse,
In lamentable grones, (wrought from true pietie)
Sing you the wept song, on her wronged hearse,
Is gratefull obsequie to her mortall deitie :
Sigh : & sing Actuallie the bewtie painied,
With bewties wonder honorablie stained.

Bleed pen in blacke teares, dombe, yet pittie moving
The weeping Elegies to the worthiest faire :
Weepe pen in warme blond, to the world approuing
How faire, how good, how deare, old age did wax her.
Bleed teares : weepe blond, pen, sing, sigh on her hearse
Her gratefull obsequies in a funerall verse.

Carelesse, so sleepe our Læthe drincking eyes,
In present bewties, deemed deuinely rare
Neglecting th' Ancient wonder time did pryse
For such a trophie as had no compare,
That now she seems as if she had bin never,
Whom euен eternitie said should live for euer.

The high-musde period of the storie reader,
(Wondring or warre, or matter causing terror)
Omits her fortune, to her fates arreader,
(Precisly censuring bewtie by her error)
So she that eu'en the fairest she surmounted,
Now of the fairest, is the fowlest counted.

SHORES WIFE

*So variable diners in her willing,
When vulgar rumor feedes on base suspect,
Impeaching ielousie the best worth ylling
Augments the matter of the least defect
And bad suggestions secretly inuected
Give wild dishonour to the thing suspected.*

*For whilst not priuiledg'd from monster fame,
The bewtie (of the not so faire inuyed)
Lyes subiect to dishonorable name,
With hate, and emulous surmises eyed,
We finde it dayly true amongst the best
He's most inuyed most exceeds the rest.*

*Hence haps her fortune to be yld so much ,
Whom fourth king Edward, excellently prised,
And hence it haps, because there was none such ,
Shores wife, most faire, the most fowle is surmised
And hence it haps, that dead to all disdaine her
Her wronged ghost suruyueth to complaine her*

*Who whilst she liud the subiect of impietie,
Ground of a thousand voyces disagreeing ,
The matter of unholloved fames varietie ,
(Which from her good hap had unworthie being)
Euen on her dying bed deuinely sorrie ,
Pensiue in hart she weepes forth thus her storie .*

But

SHORES WIFE.

But when backe flying from her paled cheeke,
Bashfull Aurora did recall her red:
And white-lockte Hycms, on her face did seeke,
His Iuorie mantle, doubting she were dead:
When red fled white, white red, and both had left her
And wan appearance of her faire had rest her.

When sinking downe, weaknesse dissolud her eyes,
From vitall spritis Actuallie mouing,
To waterish beaunesse dimd in drooping wise,
In slow neglecting lookes their end approuing,
And with their often opening toward heauen
Seemd of their vertue and their powre bereauen.

When through her oft and soft, expyring breath,
(That still reentring mou'd her panting breast)
She seem'd with every sigh to draw in death,
That willing gaspes held her eternall rest,
Then when her head heauie did leane awry
Seeming euen then she could not doe but dye.

First teares, deuining speech, denouncing passion,
That meete in greatnesse of their severall motions
Fall from her eyes in that unwilling fashion,
Argued her hartes greefe, and her greefes commotions,
Teares, the hart's dombe pleas: (words with greefe restrained)
Like loath departing pearles her eyes downe rayned.

Then

Then

SHORE SWIFE,

Then through transparence of the white was left her
Fresly peeres secret glorie of her bloud,
When evn that death, of life that would haue ress her
With feare and reverence amazed stood,
Doubting, though at the last gaspe she did lye,
A bewtie so denye could never dye,

When teares the mother issue of greefes restraint
(Bound in the greatnessse of their owne condition)
Passive in Action, had performd complaint,
In scene, not heard plea of her harts contrition,
When eyes were dim, when panting she lay wan,
Teares having playd their part, her young began.

Ah whence shall I quoth she, (she wept agayne)
Opening her eyes, opening her handes to heauen,) Produce the storie of my liues remayne :
My life of hap : I of my life bereauen.
Or why should I unto the world complaine me
If all the world for my mishap disdayne me ?

Then where from siluer streamed Isis lying,
Sylent in Swans : and quyet in her brookes ,
Forsaken Thames, into her selfe backe flying,
With muddie countnance, and unwilling lookes ,
As discontent, doth make her sad resorte
As farre as now decayeng Caesars forte :

SHORE SWIFE

91

There recordes witness of mine education,
And vulgar Parenthes, of a meane degree,
To whom my dying day hath iust relation:
Yet was this meane a happy meane to me:
That living fayrest farre above the best,
Haplesse in life, in death I might be blest.

But madding thoughtes, ambitions of promotions,
Nurst in suspect of ages alteration,
As swolne with furie of the mindes commotions,
Deemes all things doubtfull, breeds no contentation.
And this did discontent their mindes did guide me,
That being young, there were too many eyde me.

For looke how matter, admirably rare,
Drawes musing thoughts, to studing contemplation:
And time not hable to produce compare,
Confermes the wonder with more admiration:
So, and such was my beauties quaint compare
Wonder it selfe did make me more then rare.

Yet humble, honorable, chaste, and deuine,
True looking, pure, and bashfully reflecting,
Were all the honors of my mayden eyne:
In perfect Act true modestie affecting:
And this Decorum I did ever seeke
To grace my beautie with a blushing cheeke.

SHORESWIFE.

Myne eye no looke, no wanton wincke affected,
 (The false fayre notes of Syren incantations)
 Nor ash gaze of immodestie detected,
 My chast minde, bent towndering alteracions,
 And yet, nor quoy, nor prouid my lookes were wayd
 But purely such, as might befit a mayd.

Straunge gestures vse I, nor quaint behauing:
 Such as the seeming loath-to-looke, do practise
 With fainte denyall absolutely craveng:
 (The outward fault wherein dishonest lacke lyes)
 To these I left the light behaviours leaning
 As moderne subtleties of immodest meaning.

But in my lookes, ciuitie, and cheare,
 Bashfull, and decent, did import a purenesse:
 And where my bewtie brightest did appeare,
 A low regard argued a perfect surenesse:
 That eu'en the graces seru'd to say with mee,
 If I were not, them selues could never bee.

Angell aspects, of gazing window wonders,
 Angling at eyes, with bewtie in the ayre:
 Bewties that nature from apparence sunders,
 With stolne shame of imaginarie fayre:
 These like to monsters euer I esteemed,
 VVorship their owne selues, for a bewtie deemed.

SHORES WINE.

41

I looke : and in my decensie precise :
(Yet women looke, one, to enuie an other.)
I found that eu'en the ancient wholy wise,
Their young conceipts yet in their age did smother
And eu'en the crooked old should now dispair.
At least do hold them selues pure aged faire.

And infant younglings, sucking from their mother,
Selfe-like-dregs, of unwomanly surmises,
Add boldnesse to the mallice enuies other :
For eu'en the young begins as bewtie rises :
And this peculer to their sexe did see :
Both old, and young and all would fairest bee.

VVhich when my selfe in more iudicall measure,
(Grown to conceipt upon mine owne perfection :)
Saw held of all men, yearthes eternall treasure,
And of the most n'er worse then sweet subiectio[n] :
Disposed to vertue, chastitie did will me,
Leane selfe conceipt, for selfe conceipt did ill me :

VVhen intertaining to my brenties honor,
The true instructions chastitie did teach me :
Noting what hap, what beauen did moyt upon her,
VVhilst no dishonoring blamissh did impeach me.
By nature and desire to this disposed
Soone had my will, my thoughts shrewe imposed.

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B ij

1

SHORES WIFE.

I saw my selfe was absolutely faire,
Yet alterd not that vertue to a sin,
I knew a small fault quickly would impaire
The purest bewtie that should fall therein.

I saw the sin, and saw that most had done it,
And yet I had the grace to know and shunne it.

My thoughts that then were bastifull, pure, and true
Cleane from impietie & from ill: from stayne:
Of nature wise, had reason to eschew
The thing my nature did so much disdaine:
I saw both bewtie and the good that bliste.
Yet by seducing errour I haue mist it.

For loe, those eyes, whom felonie had framid,
To false suggestions of mine unstain'd youth:
VVhat they misdeemid, deniningly they blamid,
Fearing suspect might after turne to truthe.
VVhen seeing my selfe(cleane in thought and deede)
Unworthy blamid: my hart begun to bleede.

Then waxt I wanton as I grew to see,
Doting suspect dishonour me so much,
My selfe, yet chaste, and pure, defamid to bee,
And to be deemid false, though I were not such.
And this was eu'en the first cause that I wrought false
That though I were yet true, yet I was thoughtn false.

Such

SHORES WIFE

33

Such hap they haue, haue such attending eyes,
Needlesly carefull of the not transgressing.
But carefull parents do the worst surmisse
In doubted errour secretly redressing:

Yet oft we see, so carefull some do proue
They kill their carde for with their too much loue.

Which prooef confirm'd in me was lou'd too much:
Whose bewtie then, when in her Aprill grace,
It stood vnequal'd, fellowed with none such,
As might the excellencie of my fayre abace.
Loe then began my bewtie first to weame
When first my bewtie gan to be extreme.

My fathers house obscure, and I not knowne,
But cloisterd up to secrecie, and sadnesse,
My frendes misdoubting that as I was growne,
Tempting desire might win my will to badnesse
Wise-indiscrete, perforce they me constrained
To wed my selfe to one that I disdained.

Then holy rites of matrimonie vowed,
I sold my bewtie, and my selfe unwilling,
To him, to whom I, and my bewtie bumed,
Not for his loue, but for his mindes fulfilling:
For though in byrth my match did equall me
My bewtie was unfit for such as he.

B ij

and

SHORES WIFE.

*And I that scorning tributarie lone:
Should haue enioyn'd me to an after duetie,
Fearing his vnrespect of me might proue,
This incapable tyrant of my subject bewtie.*

*Before our contract came unto conclusion:
I knew his lone would be my lines confusion.*

Yet miser auarice (doting ayme of promotions)

Gaping at rich shoures of a golden age,

As feed pround vultors by the windes commotions,

Act monster wonders in a wealth rage

Carelesse to what accompt the faire be wed

Nor forcing discord of a loathed bed:

Who sees the secrets of that widow thought

The silent musings, and the discontent

Mouing impatience in her minde hath wrought,

Whose bewtie's subiect to inforsit content?

Or how may we thincke she her passion brookes

That dares not speake but plead her greefe in looks.

Discenting unitie of a discord bed,

Burning in vapours of suggestious quyet,

Strain'd concord of th' infortunaty wed,

Dissembling loue, and framing wondors by it

Who seeth this, may quickly judge the ill

That minde indures is wed against her will.

SHORES TWIRE

15.

In her raynes ielousie full of a selfe suspect,
Deeming all eyes as doubling as her owne,
Fearing her selfe, her owne selfe might detect
(For she thincke, what to her to all is knowne)

And this is still peculier to her wayne
To hate the thing she feares may doubt agayne.

Which haps from hence, that she suspecteth euer,
That aduerte ielousie will come and see,
The close wrought Act her secretes indeuor,
And Acte againe, gainst her as close as shee,
And though no fault nor any deed detectes her
Yet will she hate the thing she feares suspectes her.

Thus waking to her selfe and watching all:
Discentions vunion in her selfe discording:
Fearing the fortune worthie may be fall.
Onel in a diuers Sympathie according:
By feare and doubt vnto her worst hap led
Thus doth she worke still in th' unwilling bed.

She shrynes her greefe vp in a secret fashion,
(Which musing silence Agonies increase,)
And euer dombe, in discontented passion,
She shakes her head, and sighes, and holdes her peace;
Her greefe and feare is such she cannot say it
Till her complaining eyes in teares bewray it.

Looke

SHORES WIFE

Looke how discountenanc'd in her eyes slow moving
 (The wakefull residence of a discontent.)
 Heauely sighted, sad quyet sits approuing,
 The awd condition of enforst content
 And how her drooping, notes her myndes disquiet
 To be so great she seemes downe wayed by it.

Marke how the down cast lookes her eyes reflect,
 Argues her life, sequestred from her mindes ease:
 And every gesture secretly detect,
 The note of silent passion never findes ease:
 And though she seemes unwilling to bewray it,
 Yet in that seeming so she seemest to say it.

She sits and heares, even passionately attentive,
 How better fortunes ioy the happie wed.
 When in a sodaine thought hartely pensive
 She castes her eyes vp, and she shakes her head
 Whilst many thoughts concurring all in one
 Makes her greev'd soule yeeld forth a deadly groane.

Loe so united to a discontent,
 Departed from my selfe, to live v'unkindnesse,
 Too soone my ill-bestow'd youth did repent,
 My parentes auarice, and desaster blidnesse,
 That could not see the lossing that is bred,
 In discording of an vnkind bed:

And

SHORES WIFE.

And what is worse : ô this is interdicting,
The fellow ioyings of a true me lone,
More then her owne ill, this is still inflicting,
Which never did the willing bridgrome prove,
That loues but one, and gynes such good thereby
He's lou'd againe and so doth live and dye.

But soone had Sutor eyes, with priuie looke,
Noted the loathing that I bare unto him,
And mou'd by this, they quickly undertooke,
Or shame, or some dishonorable Acte to doe him,
And that this might better performed be,
They seem'd to mallice him, and pittie me.

As song the Syrens to the wandring knight,
Th' illusiuie stanzas of their charming song :
Pleasing sh' Attentiuie eare with sweet delight,
But hatefull Actors of intended wrong :
So sweetly song they songs of loue to me,
They seem'd, or Syrens, or more sweet to be.

For looke how in a solitarie guise
The virgine querester of the listning night,
Chantes her sweet descant, in a flattering wise,
To gayne her little freedome if she might :
And sings the sweeter by how much the more
She mindes the libertie she had before.

SHORES WIFE.

So when imprison'd in precise constrainte,
Myne eye kept watch and my brow tyannised
Those that their free enlargement did awaste,
In arguing prattle sweetly subtelsid :

And as their passion did increase in feare,
It pleased so much the more my straunger care.

And so much more as deth the churlish riche,
Keefe gold the safer, as the culler's pure
So much the more my bewtie did bewitch,
Them to continuance as they were more sure :

And these I knew so well to entartaine.

They would not leaueloue, to be free agayne.

For liueth that Philosophie precise
Whom documentes haue quyte restrain'd from this ?
Liueth that ancient old, and aged wise,
Whom yeares haue knowne to make to hate their blisse ?

Then blame not youth if wantonly he woos :
Since doting old and bookewise cannot choose.

Nor let my bewtie be impeacht with this,
That I was woman like, though Angell fayre,
For him doth puretie fortunatly blisse,
That is not blemisht with some blacke impayre.
For this we see almost in things denire
Tis quickly stayned is the purest fine.

Nener

SHORES WIFE

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Neuer did flocke to old Vlisses Queene,
In wearie absence of her straying knight,
Neuer more woers in her court were scene,
(Although perhaps more worthie persons might)
Then there were Suors still importun'd me
For I presume I was as fayre as she

Nor could my seeming true to him I chose,
Giue answere to their often suites renning
My fained loue to this, fayn'd hate to those,
Could be no obstacle to their ever suing:
And I not knowing quaintly to disdaine them
Through want of Arte was forst to intertaine them.

When oft intreaties breeding emulation
In the corruall thoughts of fellow louers,
Wrought quyte chang'd being, and straunge alteration,
As oftner vowes their constancie discouers:
For that will issue to her full perfection
Hath grounded being by the mindes affection.

Then equall in my thoughtes making compare,
T'mixte old forlorne, and personally young:
I quickly saw th' Abuse my bewtie bare,
And my harts greefe sat fresh upon moy young:
When noting this, my hart began to cry:
And I exclam'd against a doting eye:

c ii

What

SHORES WIFE.

What Sympathie of loue (quoth I) can be
 Twixte crooked old, and excellently fayre
 Discording yeares will euer disagree,
 As different age to graue dash make repayre.
 And this to oldmen proper still dash proue,
 To sigh they are so old they cannot loue.

Such one was he rest my youth of her blisse,
 He could no more of loue, his dayes were done:
 Crookt old, and cold, his yeares denyd him this,
 And therefore greev'd he had so soone begun
 O ist not greefe that age should so defame
 The reverent title of so graue a name.

But how can I, how can all women brooke this,
 Decrepit yeares from pleasure shouldest rayne them.
 Ner liu'd they happie day that undertooke this,
 But of their fortune after did complaine them.
 For what is dotage that we should affect it
 Or moody age that women should respect it.

Old quynte forlorne and ouermorne with yeares,
 He makes an infant humour of his age,
 And in his lined browes dotage appears,
 A mitlesse babie in a louing rage:
 And such a humour in his sences rayne,
 And being old he's made a child agayne.

S H O R E S W I F E R.

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He calls his Kate, and she must come and kisse him,
Doting his madded loue upon her face
Hee thinckes her smile hath where withall to blisse him,
Thus franticques his loue to the fayres disgrace
Which not withstand she dares not say him nay
O ist not pittie bewtie swesd so puritane blyudly?

But do not therefore blame the tripping fayre
For eu'en the fayrest hath her imperfection
Let not precise respect the lighter way her
For eu'en the mayden seeming bath affection
And now a dayes the chaste deuout will shew loue,
That hauing learn'd they may the better know loue.

Let th'ancient doting therefore be precise
The quicke ey'd young will have a time to mincke it,
Outward appearance can deceave his eyes,
And she play wanton when he doth not thincke it
For this as sure as selfe truth shall insue
If age be ielious youth must be untrue or wroga gauen

Suggesting feare shall make the newly wed,
Be false, because she feares she is suspected,
And feare by Arte, to fayning shall be led,
To double closly with the false affected
For what is their arm'd fortune better noting
Then double Act i expresseth their princi doting

SHORES WIFE.

So may his mariage bed alone bewray,
Is fayning true and fearefully rebellious,
Whom after age in time to come shall say,
Is doting old, and cold, and foolish ielous :
And let this title from his name n'er funder,
He's loues head monster and his armed wonder.

But leauing this an ordinarie shame,
To that graue being of a reverent age,
Whose ag'de graue decensie it doth defame,
With madding matter of an idle rage :
As made her monster by her childesse follie
Is reverent old, and honorable whollie.

Of oft intreating sutors I will say,
Whose often vowe tempt me to further sin,
And hoping time my frayltie might bewray,
They use all art to teach me to begin :
Yet though I lou'de not him that I had chose,
I knew not how to candescend to those.

But hence grew hate, for now I grew admired,
And by degrees begun to learne to sin,
Then when I saw I was so much desired,
I seem'd transform'd as I had never bin.
And selfe opinion wrought sa strong effect
As now I grew to leue all chaste respect.

SHORES WIFE

33

For chastitie by wyles grew to be cold,
My modest bewtie gan to alter wanton,
I that from me, my selfe, my selfe had sold,
Found this hard fortune for my bairt to panton
I now began to exercisē myne eye
And gaze on all would gaze as well as I.

My speech from humble, decent, pure, and true
That hid no secrecie in a plainely meaning,
To Courtlike, wanton, pleasant did infuse:
I left my nature to my follies weareing:
And I by practise learn'd the worst so well
In wanton arte the best I could excell:

Thus I both wild and absolutely fayre,
Charm'd with my bewtie, with my wyles allured;
My want of shame, myn honor did impaire,
As long as I my selfe to sin injured,
Which if I sin'd or did with sin dispence,
My life must say, (to whom I was offence.)

Yet not defam'd for other fault then those,
The wanton Cittie-dwelling counte their grace,
But every young upon suspect did glase,
And being apt new made reportes to imbrace
I now was fam'd the fayrest she was ever
(Which fame in that age was extinguishe nener.)

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For

SHORES WIFE.

For sooner had no motiues of desire,
Taught me to exercise my wits, and bewite;
But my conceit could set delight on fire
And wanton lookes impriuled me all devite
And I grew sayrer and the ofter named
As quainte conceit me for delightfull fained.

When loe: (for who liues so hid so obscure
So secret from the world, remote from eyeng,
As holdes him selfe of doubtfull alke so sure,
But fame into his fortunes will be pryeng?)
Euon then when we of obscure life doe boast
It proues at last that then w're knownne the most.

For then pronouncing from incerteine thought,
Th' ungrounded storie of a byer misse:
What secrecie from subtle eyes had wrought,
Incerteine fame with falsehood will abuse:
Fame secret witness to the guilt conceal'd
Mads all in furie till it be reveal'd.

Mindfull remembrer of a secret will,
(If secret may import worthie dishonor)
The perjur'd counsailor of the close wrought ill,
False testimonie of a hope, relying on her,
Both truth, and falsehood, in one period bounding,
Contrarie to her selfe, her selfe confounding.

False

SHORES WIFE

63

False glosing young, credulities relye,
Error of nature, bad seede of base sedition,
Suspects false daughter, neuer borne to dye,
Nurst of Erinnis, and of false suspition:
Prou'd all the worldes plague and inur'd to sin:
Happie had I liv'd, hadst thou never bin:

For till thou first with thine vnhappy storie,
Ecchoing relations of my worth and me:
Imitul ast my name to my bewties glorie,
Vnworthie knowne, of such a worth to be
Though not performed in so royll measure
Yet then I joy'd a life of quiet pleasure:

So fares th'infortunate whom monster fame,
Glosing, ambitious, false mus'd, makes her subiect,
Emoyn'd by prayse, to bide eternall shame
And rest the worldes dishonorabile obiect
Such fate had I, that was so highlie famed
First to be held fayre, after euer shamed.

For now ambitious in her fabling humor,
Vnto my king, my bewtie she dispences,
To whom sh' impartes a wonder working rumor,
In speech Authenticall, to charme his sences:
With Acte his eyes his eares, with wordes she won,
His hart, his loue, his soule, ere she had don.

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She

SHORES WIFE.

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When loe: (for who liues so hid so obscure
So secret from the world, remote from eyeng,
As holdes him selfe of doubtfull talke so sure,
But fame into his fortunes will be pryng?)
Euen then when we of obscure life doe boast
It proues at last that then w're knowne the moost.

For then pronouncing from incertayne thought,
The vngrounded storie of a lyer muse:
What secrecie from subtle eyes had wrought,
Incertayne fame with falsehood will abuse
Fame secret witness to the guylt concealed
Mads all infurie till it be reveal'd.

Mindfull remembrer of a scoper wile,
(If secret may import worthie dishonor)
The perjur'd counsailor of the close wrought ill,
False testimonie of a hope, relying on her,
Both truth, and falsehood, in one periodounding,
Contrarie to her selfe, her selfe confounding.

False

SHORES WIFE.

83

False glozing young, credulities relye,
Error of nature, bad seede of base sedition,
Suspects false daughter, never borne to dye,
Nurst of Erinnis, and of false suspition:
Pron'd all the worldes plague and inur'd to sin:
Happie had I liv'd, hadst thou never bin:

For till thou first with thine vnhappy storie,
Echoing relations of my worth and me:
Intitul'dst my name to my bewties glorie,
Vnworthie knowne, of such a worth to be
Though not performed in so royll measure
Yet then I joy'd a life of quyet pleasure:

So fares th'infortunate whom monster fame,
Glozing, ambitious, false mus'd, makes her subiect,
Emoyn'd by prayse, to bide eternall shame
And rest the worldes dishonorable obiect
Such fate had I, that was so highlie famed
First to be heldfayre, after ever shamed.

For now ambitious in her fabling humor,
Vnto my king, my bewtie she dispences,
To whom sh' impartes a wonder working rumor,
In speech Authenticall, to charme his sences:
With Acte his eyes his eares, with wordes she won,
His hart, his loue, his soule, ere she had don.

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24 SHORES WIFE.

For sooner had no motiues of desire,
Taught me to exercise my wits, and bewite;
But my concept could set delight on fire
And wanton lookes imprintede all deuise
And I grew sayrer and the ofter named
As quainte concept me for delightfull farned.

When loe: (for who liues so hid so obscure
So secret from the world, remote from eyeng,
As holdes him selfe of doubtfull talke so sure,
But fame into his fortunes will be pryeng?)
Euon then when we of obscure life doe boaste
It proues at last that then w're knowne the mooste.

For then pronouncing from incerteine thought,
Th' ungrounded storie of a lyer mufe:
What secrecie from subtle eyes had wrought,
Incertaine fame with falsehood will abyse,
Fame secret witness to the guilt conceas'd
Mads all in furie till it be reveal'd.

Mindfull remembrer of a secret will,
(If secret may import worthie dishonor)
The perjur'd counsailor of the close wrought ill,
False testimonie of a hope, relying on her,
Both truth, and falsehood, in one period boundynge,
Contrarie to her selfe, her selfe disouning.

False

SHORES WEE

83

False glozing young, credulities relye,
Error of nature, bad seede of base sedition,
Suspects false daughter, neuer borne to dye,
Nurſt of Erinnis, and of false ſuſpition:
Prou'd all the worldes plague and inur'd to ſin:
Happie had I liv'd, hadſt thou neuer bin:

For till thou firſt with thine unhappy ſtorie,
Ecchoing relations of my worth and me:
Intitul'd my name to my bewties glorie,
Unworthie knowne, of ſuch a worth to be
Though not performed in ſo royll measure
Yet then I ioy'd a life of quiet pleasure:

So fares th'infortunate whom monſter fame,
Glozing, ambitious, false muſ'd, makes her ſubiect,
Enioyn'd by prayſe, to bide eternall shame
And reſt the worldes diſhonorablie obiect
Such fate had I, that was ſo highlie famed
First to be held fayre, after euer ſhamed.

For now ambitious in her fabling humor,
Unto my king, my bewtie ſhe diſpences,
To whom ſh' imparteſ a wonder working rumor,
In ſpeech authenticall, to charmie his ſences:
With Acte his eyes his eares, with wordes ſhe won,
His hart, his loue, his ſoule, ere ſhe had don.

ſea.

D

ſhe

SHORES WIFE.

She seemed sober hartie and precise,
 Framing her false lookes to a pleading fitness:
 T'unthought-on truth sh'adaps her humbled eyes
 And every Acte seem'd her tales truth to witnessse:
 And what she thought could win the king shewrought-on.
 In Acte, and speech she let not passe unthought-on.

So as when at his oracles disclosing,
 Deuining Proteus, prophesying small things
 His selfe from culler from his shape disposing,
 Deludes the sutor hold by seeming all things
 Making him selfe a monster to the view
 Before deceite can bring him to tell trewe:

Monster fame so, denining on supposes:
 Suspitious of her selfe, (her selfe a lyer:)
 In altering tales her flatterie discloses
 VVrought to report ill by her owne desire
 Whilst that the king credits her tale for truth
 Which after turn'd a shame unto his youth.

For had she bin more ready to report-it
 His apt beleefe had sooner given it credit:
 His willing harkning eare did well import-it,
 Was so attentive to the tale that spread it:
 For this fault eu'en is incident to kinges
 Too much to credit ouer pleasing thinges.

she

SHORE SWIFE.

29

*She told him now my bewties Aprill bud,
Fresh bloom'd in honor of my flowing prime:
In high degrees of excellencie stood,
Ages admire, and wonderment of time,
Amongst the best, so farre exceeding many:
As it was never seconded by any:*

*(Quoth she) behold how in her wanton fayre,
Rosie Pallantias (new stolne from her bed)
Blusheth her glorie on the morning ayre,
In bashfull decensie of vermillion red:
And from his stand the Northerne watchman frayes
With brighter comming of her sommer rayes:*

*Or as: whilst Thetis in her eu'ning greeting,
Smileth her purple on the suns decline,
And with her Tytan in the West seaes meeting,
Appeares a wonder, bashfully deuine,
Such is her face (quoth she) her selfe so fayre,
She seemes as bewtious as the eu'ning ayre.*

*Hast thou not scene how in her hemisphare
The morninges henchman, and the starre of loue
Vales in her bewtie at the suns appeare
And seemeth dim'd his glorie to approue?
Eu'en so her eyes (quoth she) exceeds so farre
As doth the sonne the sitting morning starre.*

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More

SHORES WIFE.

More bewtie, more deuine doth her adorne,
 Then all Diana's, mesken virgins graces.
 Those froes that in the dewy of the morne
 Trip on the flowres in those silent places,
 To which the feathered queresters resort
 And chante them many a musicall report.

Oft haue I seene, when to the strand of Po,
 The floating swans did make their last repayre,
 And siluer plum'd, as white as any snow
 Blemisht Indimions Scynthia in her faire:
 Yet n'er did she, never did they excell:
 The Iuorie white upon her brow doth dwell.

As when before old sleepie Tython dawnes
 (Dew'd in the wept teares of Auroraes eyes,) the selfe same
 Sweet sauoring flowers of the meddow lawnes,
 With sweet perfumes, vp into heauen arise
 So breathes her brethes perfume, so sweetly smelling
 It seem's her breath the flowers are excelling.

Sung neuer at Euridices redeeming
 The Thracian Harper to the god of hell
 A song more honor worth, worth more esteeming
 Yet Orpheus touch pleased deuinly well
 Nor yet Arion euer sa behau'd him
 Although he song so sweet the Dolphin sau'd him.

Now

SHORE SWIRE

Nor that old man, whose musicall recordes
The following walls of ancient Theb's did rare :
Nor Poean, pleasing in her sweet accordes
The curious iudgement of the myces care.
Did euer sound were euer song so well,
But her sweet wardes her voyce doth farre excell.

N'er did her Nymphes, at bold Acteons gase,
Nor combly Phoebe: (seene with priuie eye)
Mans sence, mans thought, with sweete smiles amaze
With richer glorie, of a wealthier dye,
Then would this bewtie naked as was shee,
Were you your selfe but priuie too't as bee :

To this she ads (o straunge impietie)
Vitious intygements of alluring sin,
And with licentious wordes, altering varietie,
She drownes his sences, and him selfe therein :
So well the Syren knew her song to sing,
She soone had luld a sleepe the willing king :

And that she might the better bring to passe,
Shame to my Lord, her selfe, and shame to mee,
She ads how wanton, bucksome, young I was
Fit conforde with his yonger yeares to bee
And when at length she had discouerst her fill,
away she flyes : abhominable ill.

SHORES WIFE.

But he that standes in charmed with the wonders
 By secret stealth dishonorable sin, to whom hee entreated
 Him from his sence, his sence from vertue funder
 And now in madding loue lust doth begin,
 And that sorle stayne his furie is incensit with
 By maiestie (faire he) shall be diffensit with

Then to myne eares (divyning my misfortane,) Secret reportes came whispering straunger wonders,
 And with their oratorie pleas myne eares importune.
 Whilst blind concept me from my good hap funder
 With charming profers still my king salutes me
 As one for absolutest fayre reputes me.

And those, to whom he secretly commended, The inquisition of my bewties being
 Those my attract, my chaunge of fortune tended
 My bewties worth and excellencie seeing :
 Reporte my bewtie to be so deuine ;
 As now he prysed none so much as myne : but had sondry

And soone had giftes, soone had my Lordes desire,
 My soule from chastitie, my selfe from me,
 With often presents taught how to retire
 Tasting the profers of a high degree :
 And then me thought though I ner prou'd before
 A kings imbrace was eu'en a heauen or more :

SHORES WIFE.

33

Loo then to Court, unto my king I came
Monarke aspect of my recusant eye :
Myne eye, the matter of my bodies shame,
As long as shame, or sinne were nurst thereby,
With niggards auor, at the first did seeme,
As one that held his crowne scarce worth esteeme.

For now my scholler eyes had learn'd to fashion
Their lookes authenticall, and quainte precise :
My quoynesse argued a straunger passion,
To make him so, more pliant to myne eyes,
And I, whom he esteemed easie won,
Made him my subject, ere myne eyes had don :

For now I saw : when equallie precise,
He saw the honor was due worth my bewtie :
My browes recusancie gan tyrranise,
And of my king exact a tribute dutie
And if he profered loue, I would forsake it
For woemen first say no, and then they take it.

I wrought so well, my face did seeme to say,
I prysed chastitie, but eu'en too much :
My apt fram'd countenance seem'd to betray,
A purpos'd fermnesse to my seeming such :
And my pretext by working so before :
Was but to make him loue me so much more :

For

SHOKES WIFE.

For now in me varietie of loue,
Had wrought such knowledge, by my seeming prone
As whom I knew quickly seemst did proue,
I knew was quickly got, and quickly gone:
And therefore now oppo'sd I seem'd the stronger,
That late ere won, I might be low'd the longer.

For when I saw, him fawningly respect me,
I playd vpon him with a straunger No:
And so much more I saw he did affect me,
As I seem'd further of in saying so,
Yet then I knew my quoynesse so might prone
A king would hardly bow too low to loue.

In equall meane, therefore did I containe
Th' impatience of my seeming loath to sin,
No beggar humblenesse my face did staine,
With apt desire to throw my selfe therein:
And if my quoynesse made him loath to woe
Then would I lend him smiles, and kisses too,

Nor did I in denying faintly so
But secretly seeme to desire agayne,
The hoped prosers my consenting No,
In secret wish already did containe:
But long alasse could not persist therein
For ere I left I sold my selfe to sinne.

SHORES WIFE

33

Who sees the chaste liu'd Turtle on a tree,
In unfrequented groves sit and complaine her loue
Whether alone all desolate poore shee,
And for her lost loue seemeth to restraine her?
And there sad thoughtes howleth to the ayre
The excellencie of her lost mates fayre?

So I when sinne had drawn'd my soule in badnesse,
To solitarie muse my selfe retired:
Where wrought by greefe to discontented sadness,
Repentant thoughtes, my new won shame admired,
And I the monstre of myne owne misfortune
My hart with grones, and sorrow did importune.

Behold (quoth I) how in her Iuie bidden
The eu'nings shame, Pallas adulterate fowle,
The sitting sonnes sight, and the day forbidden,
With a sherle scrinch her former sinne doth bowle:
And peering in the day but from her tree
Is wonderd at of all the byrdes she see's:

So haps to thee, whom so thy sinne hath shamed
And made the night-eyes wonder of thy tyme:
So haps to thee, that hath thy selfe defamed,
In tender springing of thine Aprill pryme
But now too late i haue sin'd thou doest repent thee,
When thou hast lost the good that nature lent thee.

SHORES WIFE.

A wonderment, and monster of her age,
 Following posterite will account thy fall ;
 And this which euen no passion can asswage ,
 Nor mittigate thy payned soule with all :
 When death in grane shall low haue layne thy head
 Thou shalt be yet defam'd when thou art dead .

Thus in thy life, thus in thy death, and boath ,
 Dishonored by thy fact, what mayst thou doe ?
 Though now thy soule the touch of sinne doth loath ,
 And thou abhorst thy life, and thy selfe too :
 Yet cannot this redeeme thy spotted name ,
 Nor interdict thy body of her shame :

But he that could command thee, made thee sin :
 Yet that is no priuiledge, no sheld to thee :
 Now thou thy selfe, hast drownd thy selfe therein .
 Thou art defam'd thy selfe, and so is hee :
 And though that kings commands haue wonders wrought
 Yet kings commands could never hinder thought .

Say that a Monarke may dispence with sin ,
 The vulgar young proueth impartiall still ,
 And when mislike all froward shall begin ,
 The worst of bad, and best of worst to ill ,
 A secret shame in every thought will smother
 For sinne is sinne in kinges, as well as other :

And

And yet agayne, when to suspition wrought,
I saw the holly sinne, and fullen game,
Whilst secret acte disclos'd no bidden thought,
To prejudice an honorable name:

And those to be such saints that best could seeme such
As one would thincke suspition would not deeme such.

Loe, too secure of variable rumor
I gaue my selfe to pleasing disposition:
Lone charming wantonesse and delightfull humor,
Forst now no longer peccysh eyed suspition,
And I thought none could testifie my fault
Because I thought there was not any sam't.

And though my life had staine, yet this did mend it,
That I was sorrie such an one to be,
My pittie my respect did still commend it,
And this was commendably prayd in me,
That Sutor wrongs my selfe to right would bring
If right might be procured from the king.

And now so deem'd so highly was I prysed,
No honor was too good, too great for mee,
I could commaund what euer thought devised,
Delight to sence, or ioyes to mynde to bee:
And whilst I sat seated alone so highe,
The king could but command and so could I.

SHORES WIFE.

But long my fortune had not traded so,
 In doubtfull highnesse of prosperitie:
 Ere murder death had fram'd a worscher woe,
 A true example unto all posteritie:
 That those that mount so high so farre and fast,
 In tract of tyme come headlong downe at last.

For now, the doomes day of my fortune's neere,
 The day, the dome, peculiuer unto all,
 Now in a deeth vntought-on doth appeere,
 My bewties ruine and myne honors fall
 Such sightes are these unto the pleased eye,
 As are not sooner scene then they doe dye.

So as when for his drown'd sonne pensuly sorrie,
 Three times in blacke, three times his golden urne,
 The sadder eye of heauens restrained glorie,
 In blacke, and heauie secrete did burne;
 And moodie, by restraining so his light,
 In three dayes absence brought a triple night.

Or as, when from some high clift sadly looking,
 A mistie tempest from the South ariseth,
 And disagreeing blastes no sayles stop brooking,
 The merrie sea-mans wandering barke surpriseth
 We sorrow at the sight upon the shore
 But in the barke should sorrow ten times more.

SHAKES WIFE²

So now, eternall night, now desolation,
Deuining horror to the nighted land
Insuies to all by sodaine alteration,
That of a tyrant ill suspected stands
But I whom this importred most of any
Where all had but one feare: I one, had many.

Ah death old father of our common end,
Nurst of the mother night, and discontente
Inuying hatreds never pleased frend,
Incertaigne accendent, and unknowmne euent,
In what so much haue I offendeth thee,
That by my kinges death thou shouldest murther mee?

Thou art the father cause I am forlorne,
It was thy too much pitie that procur'd this,
Why didst not make me dye ere I was borne?
That being dead I might not haue indur'd this?
Cruell in what may harme in what may ill me
But thrise more cruell that thou wouldest not kill me.

Did my face feare thee from thy murdering will?
That being young, thou letst me live so long?
Or hauing such a bewtie at thy will,
Thoughtst thou the rape would be esteem'd a wrong?
O if thou didst, wihall thou wold'st that I,
Should live so long that I should shame to dye.

SHORES WIFE

It was the auarice of thy lust to kill,
Founded my downefall on my kinges decease:
Such is thy nature, and so much so ill:
One murder with a second to increase:
But thus we see who on a king relies
Findes death a liue whilst liuing yet he dyes.

See how my end brought me to my confusion
The common wonder of the wisest eye
My end the period and my lives conclusion
Turnes to my deathes shame, that I greue to dye:
And that whereof dying I am ashamed,
I greue to liue because I liue defamed.

Dead unto life, liuing unto my death,
The end of shame, and yet my shames beginning:
Thus doe I araw the selfe disdayning breath,
Hath worthie shame by myne unworthie sinning
And whilst at once I would both liue and dye
I doe them both yet am not cur'd thereby.

For when true penitencie doth begin,
With contrite sorrow, and repentant zeale,
To mynde the greatnesse of displeasing sin:
That shame in hidden silence doth conceale.
When these faultes in our selues our selues doe see
We thincke that all know them as well as wee.

But

SHORES WIFE.

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But stay thee here, and plaintiulre rehearce,
The funerall tenor of thine after fortunes;
O wash his toombe with teares weepe on his hearse,
Whose death gaue life, to greefe that thee importunes:
For now behold unhappely he dyes,
On whom the essence of my good relies.

Euen as the gloomic sighted night, with cloudes,
Obscures the sunbright bewtie of the ayre,
And in her deadly looke frowningly shrowdes,
Blacke desolation and forlorne dispayre,
Threatning with sad aspect some future woe,
By blacke deuining looks presaging so:

So seem'd the blacke ayre, that with fowle aspect,
Feedes lowring heauiness through a duskie light,
That ouglie looking darknesse doth reflect,
From caued bowells of the fearefull night,
So at his death, darknesse seem'd to bewray,
Eternall blacknesse to the beauie day:

That so dissolu'd to euerlasting feares,
That sun-reft-ages after posteritie,
Might weepe his funeralls in complainyng teares,
As rightes belonging to a dead prosperitie,
And sing his obsequies in conforting woe,
Sorrowing their light should be bereft them so:

For

SHORES WIFE.

For now their sonne gone to his home for euer,
 Pronounces from declining of his rayes,
 A worser night with tyrannous indeuor,
 Would darke the bewtie of their after dayes
 And proud ambition ayming at a crowne
 Would pull the dead kings true-borne issue downe.

When loe, discentions in her owne proceeding
 Suspitious in her thoughtes, stil'd in her musing,
 Carefully thoughted, on her owne selfe feeding,
 With ielious doubt her proper wits abusing
 Sighes-and-greese-breeding feare to heauen doth cry
 And wisht with him posterite might dye

For th' infant liue of his bloud left a pray,
 To vultar greedinesse of an easie crowne,
 In tyrant practises did soone bewray,
 Cruell protection would the land confound,
 And then as doubtfull minded as before,
 Feare would increase her sorrow ten times more.

Thus stood suspected of incertaine fate
 And drawne by oft feares to a dead dispaire
 The neuter subiect, that did know too late,
 What hell it is to haue a different heyre.
 And that which all their discontent had sowne
 To haue a king to come not to be knownne.

SHORES WIFE.

Now gan the trembling rich, and fearefull-wanting,
Bequeath their fortunes to their hap of warre,
And trembling woomen-harts, with sorrow panting
Greene that their fate should be unknowne so farre
As whilst they yet thought no ill could assay them,
Unthought-on death should sodasne come and slay them:

And those, whom diuersly-affecting humor,
Drew to the aduerte part an other would not,
When running motions of deceasing rumor,
Make them affect the matter that they should not
At last exclaime as on a heauie thing
That none should know the man should be their king.

Then what might I doe, where with all to saue,
Me from confusion, that I might not dye,
Now when dead sleeping carelesse in his graue
My king was gone, on whom I did relye,
What rests for me, a poore distressed woman,
But hold me patient at my fortunes sommon?

And what is worse, impriuiledge from hope,
Of my ristolwing time, of my new being,
I saw the bandes, I saw the narrow scope,
Wherein my sinne must secret sit from seeing:
And this so narrow, and so stricte to be,
As all the world might my misfortune see:

SHORES WIFE.

Why haue myne eyes wept idle teares till now?
Why hath my groaning hart sigh'd to releue me?
Or why hath greefe eclips'd my sadded brow?
Since now, I would weepe, grone, and sigh, and greeue me,
And now I neede them, now I can doe none,
For greefe, and sighes, and grones, and teares, be gone,

Weepe eyes, grone hart, greefe sigh and take agayne
Your second quintescence from my second woe,
O neuer will I wast your wet in vayne,
Nor grone, nor greeue, nor sigh, nor weepe you so.
But with my dayes, date all your discontent,
And weepe you truly, till my selfe be spent.

O you are comfort in your issuing motions,
Vnto the mynde with passion is afflicted
Whom wearieing greatnessse of her owne commotions
Of wordes and speech, with greefe hath interdicted.
Werte not for you, th' oppressed hart would breake
When greefe doth grow so bigge we cannot speake.

Werte not for you (and yet I want you too)
My harts distresse, that makes you her relye,
Could neuer know, nor how, nor what to doe,
But liue in silence, and in dombnesse dye:
O none can tell, the ease the mynde doth gayne her
When eyes can weepe, th' hart grone, or greefe complaine her

SHORES WIFE.

45

But wanton teare shane dryde myne idle eyes,
And waynd away the bewtie of my sayre;
My hart, for want of gromes distressed dyes,
And sighes are vanisht to unworthie ayre:
Then what remaynes for me forlorne thereby,
But know my greese, and hold my peace and dye,

Tis now that I should weepe a thousand teares,
Now, when my starres in fixed opposition,
Denounces sorrow to my greuning cares,
And tells me I must chaunge my lynes condition:
And trust to fauoring destinie no more,
For I must begge my bread, from doore to doore.

What fortune ere thou art enauiest our age,
A tyrant monster, in a madding wayne,
Returne in furie of thy proudest rage,
And Acte the Scene of all thy hate agayne;
And if ere any badlike woes as I,
Yet giue me ten times more, but let me dye.

Sayd ere Philosophie hell was confind
Below the yearth where newer any were?
O if it be so, yet withall I finde,
That hell's aboue the yearth aswell as there.
And newer could Philosophie approue,
That there was one below but one aboue.

F y

Tis

SHORES WIFE.

Tis but th'inuention of th'highe-witted wife,
 Allow'd of any there, more then't expresse,
 Th'extreme of tortures, that might tyrannise
 Them being dead, that living did transgresse:
 Nor haue they left vs any confirmation,
 But deem'd surmises of imagination,

This t'was rayn'd on the yearth, and prayd on me,
 T'was this which I esteem'd a heauen before,
 And more infernall cannot any be,
 For hell is but extreme, yet this was more:
 And we ner know what t'is in beauen to dwell,
 Yntill we know what t'is to live in hell.

O could my wordes expresse in mourning sound,
 The ready passion, that my mynde doth trye,
 Then, greefe all eares, all sences would confound,
 And some would weepe with me, aswell as I:
 Where now because my wordes cannot reueale it
 I weepe alone inforsed to conceale it.

O, and alone, let me weepe myne owne fortune,
 Peculier to my selfe, am woe begone:
 Me whom it euer secretly importunes
 As willing I shoul'd weepe my fate aloane,
 O therefore weeping let me live and dye,
 For none can weepe so worthie teares, as I:

Well

SHORES WIFE.

63

Well may some sorrie, greuedly supposing,
Suggest a passion excellently strange :
And in true Acte pittifullly disclosing
An inward greese, neere at my fortunes range :
But none can Acte greese in complaint so right
As he that is himselfe agreed by't.

O God what error is in natures will,
That nature so vnkinde, so bad should be,
The poore improuident should endure such ill,
As through securitie not this ill to see,
For had I seene before what now I try,
Or I had fear'd to live, or learn'd to dye.

But ill brookes th'high aspiring thoughtes surmisse
Coward respect of vulgar education :
And hungering greedinesse of attempting eyes,
Deeme nor deuine their after alteration,
But minde their mindes will, not their owne condition
Thus mads th'aspiring in her mindes ambition.

This was my fault had worthie fortune by it,
And worthie was it, since I could not see,
How discontent is ordinarie quyer,
To wakefull mindes, that n'er contented be.
To ioye the sweet meane of a low content,
But mount so high they after must repent.

F ij

Had

SHORES WIFE.

*Had I bin fayre, and not allur'd so soone,
To that, at which all thoughtes leuell their sadnessse
My sunbright day had not bin set ere noone
Nor I bin noted for detested badnesse*

*But this is still peculer to our state,
To sinne too soone, and then repent too late,*

*But even as soard the feathered boy so highe,
(Reaching his infant thoughtes unto the sonne,) By whotter rayes, in all his highth did dye,
And gain'd his prides meede ere his pride were done:
So I unto the low was made the nighest
Whilst now I thought I ouertopt the highest:*

*For now rain'd tyrannie in ambitious throane,
A true-borne-infant bloud-spilling murtherer:
Vsuring monster, yet contrould of none,
Fowle guilts Appiale, and mischiefs furtherer,
Proud Richard Gloster in his pride I saw
Acte all thinges at his will: for will was law.*

*He sayes (and then he shewes a withered arme
Dryde at his byrth-day lame and vselesse still)|
Quoth he t'was thou by charmes wrought me this harme
And therefore doomes me to his tyrant will:
For neuer is th'offended mightie Armelesse
To wreake his furie on the handharmelesse.*

SHORE SWIRE

47

Bear hence quoth he (and there withall refleched,
Fire sparkling furie from incensed eyes,
Whose madding threat his lunacie detected,
And told me he was taught to tyrannize)
And then agayne in more incensed rage
He cryes, bear hence this monster of her age.

When loe the seruaunt sworne performeth on me,
Th' unwilling office of a greeued sorrie:
And whilst he yet layes forced handes upon me
Noting my bewtie, and my bewties glorie
He does his duetie: yet his lookes doe shooe,
He craueth pardon for his doing so.

For what eye fram'd to enuie and disdayne
Would not inforce the hart to shake the head,
When that pure mayden blush that did destayne
My purple cheeke with faine vermillion red,
Seem'd constant fayre not chang'd for threatening will
But scarefull true and modest comely still:

I seem'd unwilling that the tyrant should
By force of will haue tyrant-like compel'd me
And therefore made the little shift I could
To burst awry out of their armes that held me,
But as I strugled bewtie grew the more,
Which seene, they held me faster then before.

And

48 SHORES WIFE.

And those unwilling handes that prayd uppon me
(Happie they held me to behold my bewtie)
Imbraste me faster with still gazing on me,
To feede their eyes-listes not performe their ductie
For had it bin in them I am assured
Such tyrant lawes I shold not have endured.

But he, whom hell nurst-furie hath infected,
Threats death to them, and me that him offended
And from his knitted browes horror reflected,
Th' enraged doome his fellow thoughts intended:
Impatient, moodie, mad, and full of yre,
He sweares by heauen that shame shalbe my byre,

Posteritie sayes he (and then agayne
The knit vaynes of his proudly-looking browes
Swelling with mallice, and extreame disdaine,
Like to an yrefull bore he proudly bowes)
And sweares by hell heauie revenge shall dase
Th' incenst displeasure of his falling hate,

Posteritie shall know thine Acte (quoth hee)
And then he bids that my attyres berent,
And termes the habit unbefiting mee
A Sorcer witch full of her fowle intent:
And that which wordes for anger could not say
A furious acte in iesture did betray.

When

SHORES WIFE.

When I rest of my habite and attyre,
Stood yet as modest, as a mayd should be,
Bashfully feared with the new admire,
Of this base tyrants vanishing of mee.
Who not content with this commandes that I,
Be turn'd into the streets and begge or dye.

Euen as an angerie Bull incens'd with yre,
Bellowing his menaces with a hollow rere,
Impatient, madd, wanting his lustes desire,
Augments his madded fiercenesse more and more
And yet no quyet any man her brings
Although he prayes upon a thousand shinges.

So unmappeas'd, unquyer, mad, and yrefull
Rages th' insatiate furie of his will:
And in his looke, fierce, wan, and pale, and dyrefull
He seem's impatient, moodie, madded, still,
And not content with this disgrace to greeue me
He sayes that all shall dye, (that dare reticke me.)

(Then from the Court, the martirdoome of mee,) I saye unto thee
All solitarie, alone, farlorno, I went
T hether where discontentment I did see,
Threatning my miserie ere my dayes were spent
And needie want as naked as was I,
Told me than shew perplained I should dye,

G

Wher.

SHOKES WIFE.

When I vnappt to frame a lyer-tale,
 Vnapt to craue my bread with beggar prayer,
 My poore discountenant looke all wan and pale
 Through hunders nature wayned from her fayre
 I could not shame would not then that I
 Should begge at all but rather choose to dye.

And yet necessarie did a ridge constrainte,
 To brooke th' impatience of her proper will,
 Whilst silence breaking out to no complaunte,
 In secret passion hid her sorrow still:
 And shame with fearefull blush all grewe d did cry
 And misht she did bnt know but how to dye.

Nor could remembrance of my high degree,
 Brooke my resorting into publicke place:
 For I did sigh as oft as I did see,
 Or thincke that any thought vpon my disgrace
 And who dispayres in such a kinde as this
 Thinckes that the whole world knoweth all amisse.

But o, why doe I thus wearie prolong,
 The wofull tragedie of my pleasures wayne,
 Suffices that I knew to bide the wrong,
 And brooke with patience what I did sustaine,
 Idly we greeue when greeningly we pleine vs,
 For that must be perform'd that needes constraine vs.

SHORESH WIFE

33

I can no more declare my further ill,
Tis sooner iudg'd them told, the grefe is sool,
The wise iudicall may if so they will,
Sooner conceiue then I can say so much cunne regard agaynste T
Since so much now would call agayne the pryme
And those that tell grefe feele it for the tyme.

I must (quoth she) address myselfe to death,
And therewithall, clasping her handes in one,
And wresting oft sighes with a deepe sorche breake,
She panteth forth a poore complauning groane,
When closing fast her eyes (first ope to heauen)
She now seem's bath of speech and life bereaved.

When coward death, fainting, and fearefull slow,
Lookes on her fayre face, with a vultur eye,
And nis him selfe his force upon her shew,
As doting fearefull she could never dye,
And yet he would; and yet he doth dispayre
And feares she cannot dye she is so faire.

And yet her tong now stil'd could say no more
She panted, and she fighid, and gaue a groane,
And even that bewtie was pure fayrie before,
Waynd with her lyses expire, and now was none.
Yet death suspected still, doth still dispayre,
And sayes she cannot dye and he fayre.

G ii

For

52 SHORES WIFE.

For even as looketh at the sunnes late setting
A witherd lilly, dry'd, and saplesse quyte,
And in her weakned leaues, inwardly knitting,
Seem's dead : and yet, retaines a perfect white :
So seem'd her face, when now her fayre did fall
That death still fear'd she would not dye at all.

He saw't, and sigh'd, and yet he could not see,
Cause to induce his hope-perswading eye,
To thincke that there was any cause that shee,
Could be so passing fayre and yet could dye :
He thinckes the bewtious never life should loose
And yet withall he thinckes, she should not choose :

O what a combat wrought her life and death,
Both clayming interest in her end, to spill her,
Life would not that the fayre should loose her breath :
Death would not loose his right, yet would not kill her,
But lookes upon her with a curious eye,
Doubting(though she were dead) she could not dye.

At last, perswading palenesse seem's to say,
O she is dead, her breathlesse sences fayled,
Her life hath lost her joy, her death his pray,
And now nor her life, nor her death annoyed.
O then did any euer ought else trye
Then life or death that makerh us to dye.

Death

SHORES WIFE.

53

Death tooke delight in her, until he dyed,
Life fed upon her lookes, he did so way her,
Death and his life upon her end relied,
And greueing life likt her she was so faire
This lent her living : that prolong'd her breath,
O then ther's somthing else that kills then death.

For he wisht that he were not death, she might not dye,
Pittieng in this, he greeues he wanteth pietie,
Tyrant in Acte, his will doth this deny
That her death should conferme him in his diety :
And rather then of life he would bereave her
He would giue leauue to all, to live for euer,

Rather then she should not, he would not be,
Or to a mortall being he would bow ,
So she might, all should live as well as she,
(For death did never doubt untill t' was now)
And yet by death if she might gained be,
The world should dye and none should live but she ,

But as a Christall with a tender breath
Receiuess dim thicknesse, and doth seeme obscure
So darkt with palenesse of a breath'd on death
(If it were death that did this darke procure ,)
She seem's alive and yet ah she was gone
And then life greeu'd, and death did fetch agrone.

SHORES WIFE.

Yet would they part the remnant of her being
Her body went to death : her fame to life
Thus life, and death, in unitie agreeing
Dated the tenor of their sonderie strife,
Death vow'd her body should be eyd never,
To life bath vow'd her fame should live for ever.

FINIS.

22 JV 69



